

The Fulton County News.

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THE GRIM REAPER.

Short Sketches of the Lives of Persons Who Have Recently Passed Away.

JOHN MCKEE.

John McKee, died of pneumonia at his home near Millstone, Md., Monday morning, November 15, 1915, aged about 65 years. Funeral was held Thursday following, interment being made in Little Cove. He was a member of the M. E. church. In 1874 he was married to Miss Malinda Daniels, daughter of the late Hon John Daniels, of Franklin Mills, who survives him. To this union seven children were born, five of whom are living, namely, Florence, wife of Charles Spencer, near Hagerstown; Frances, at home; Austin who lives on the farm where his father died; John not married and travels in the West; Irene wife of Walter McCullough near Sylvan, Pa. Two brothers and a sister survive. They are: William of Whips Cove; George, who lives in the West, and Rachael, wife of Moses Diehl of Whips Cove. Mrs. B. W. Logue, of McConnellsburg, and Mrs McKee are sisters.

MRS. D. EDWARD FORE.

Mrs. D. Edward Fore died at her residence on Mulberry street in Hagerstown, Saturday, November 6, 1915, of nervous prostration, aged about 52 years. Funeral was held the following Thursday, interment at Hagers-town. She was sick but a few days, having taken ill on the previous Wednesday. Mrs. Fore is survived by her husband and one daughter—Ruth, at home. She was a daughter of John and Elizabeth Snyder, of Wytheville, Va. Mr. and Mrs. Fore formerly lived at Knobsville, and about eleven years ago, removed to Hagerstown. Relatives from this county who attended the funeral were: D. E. Fore, Esq., and daughter Miss Katie, McConnellsburg; William Snyder and wife, John Snyder and wife, and Mrs. D. H. Fore—all near Knobsville.

Fell on Wet Floor.

Last week, while Mrs. A. M. Corbin, of Taylor township, was visiting in Newville, she and some friends made a trip to Washington. While in that city, she stepped into a drug store to consult a city directory. A little darkey was scrubbing the floor and Mrs. Corbin slipped on the wet surface and received a very hard fall. She was able to ride back to Newville where a physician made a careful examination for broken bones but found none. Her right side was badly bruised her arm injured, and she suffered from shock.

Farmers, Auto Bayers.

Lindley H. Dennis, chief of the State Bureau of Agriculture Education, told the Dauphin county Teachers Institute last week that farmers were buying the greater part of the automobiles in this country now and that they will buy 65 per cent. of the number sold this year. He said that the farmers would not be content in a few years to raise 400 bushels of shelled corn per acre and that teachers were the people who would tell them how. He said the farmers are now tired and rubber-tired.

Boy Killed.

Albert Wyant, aged nine years son of Mrs. Mary Patterson who lives two miles southeast of Chambersburg, was instantly killed last Friday when he ran from the Pine Grove schoolhouse at recess and attempted to ride on the tongue of a clover huller drawn by a traction engine. He repeated the performance several times, probably, to show his mates how expert he was. During one of the attempts he fell and a wheel of the huller washed his head.

Post-Election Message.

I feel that especial thanks are due the four hundred and seventy-three men in the County who believe in political justice for women, and who, on November 2nd emphasized this belief by casting their ballots for the Woman Suffrage amendment.

This was the first occasion in the history of the county that the voters had the opportunity of extending to their wives, mothers, sisters and daughters the same privilege which they themselves enjoy and which they received through no effort on their part.

Although we have long been familiar with such terms as "Democracy," "Liberty," "Justice" and "Independence," they are only a farce to one-half of the population of the United States, who believe that Governments should be founded on intelligence and morality rather than sex, and who are taxed without any representation—which is tyranny.

Every great leader in American thought to-day favors Woman Suffrage, and every man who believes in justice favors it. While our Amendment failed to be approved in this state, we are jubilant over the fact that thirty three out of the sixty-seven counties gave us a majority, proving that Suffrage has not been defeated—only delayed.

We had many adverse factors to take into account the "Bosses of both the Democratic, and the Republican party by the well organized liquor forces, the negro element—which is usually under machine control—and many other opposing forces; but in spite of all these, during the past month four states have given the amendment a million and a quarter votes.

The small vote cast in our county for Suffrage can be easily explained by the fact that a large majority of the voters had never had the subject presented them. As an organization we were handicapped by lack of funds, which is very essential to any new project. It was a very unequal contest as we were not allowed to vote for the issue we supported.

I cannot close this article without making special mention of the "Stalwarts in Bethel township who gave our amendment the only "white spot in the county. Grateful to all the voters for past support and thanking them in advance for their cooperation five years hence, I am yours, for a square deal.

MOLLIE S. SEYLAR.

Put Him In Jail.

Says The National Stockman and Farmer: Several State Granges will be asked to adopt a resolution demanding forfeiture of the license of any one convicted of driving an automobile while he is intoxicated. This penalty is like the hundred-dollar fine imposed by some states not sufficient to prevent the crime. The thing to do with a drunken automobile driver is to put him in jail without giving him the alternative of paying a fine. The most dangerous drunkard is the rich man with a big car, the man who can easily pay or hire a driver if his own license is revoked. The safety of the public demands that any drunken driver, rich or poor, colored or plain, shall be put where he can't hurt other folks.

Went to Hospital.

Last Saturday, J. Marshall Logue who, with his family, has been stopping with his parents in this place for some weeks, accompanied his sister, Miss Ethel Logue, to the hospital in Baltimore in which she is engaged as nurse. Mr. Logue is suffering with asthma and indigestion, and he will undergo an examination, and perhaps, take treatment in the institution.

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TEACHERS' COUNTY INSTITUTE.

Annual Sessions Will Be Held During Week Beginning Monday, November Twenty-eighth.

After weeks of careful planning and much correspondence with Educational Bureaus, County Superintendent Thomas has completed arrangements for the annual county institute which will be held during the week beginning the last Monday in this month.

For several years the County Institute has been regarded as the one great event of the County, and with the normal development of educational sentiment, each year brings a more critical demand for higher class instructors and entertainers.

Mr. Thomas, by beginning early, has been most fortunate in securing high class talent—both for the day work, and the evening entertainments.

The day workers will be Dr. F. H. Green, of the West Chester State Normal; Prof. Harlan E. Hall, of New Cumberland, O.; Dr. Ezra Lehman of the C. V. S. N. S., (Thursday and Friday), and Prof. J. W. Yoder, who will have charge of the music. With the exception of Prof. Hall, the other instructors need no introduction to a Fulton County audience, and Prof. Hall comes so highly recommended that Mr. Thomas feels that he has been fortunate in securing his services.

Dr. Green is the lecturer for Monday evening, and while he is known all over the State as the prince of entertainers, his wit is evenly balanced with wisdom.

Of course, no series of entertainments would be acceptable that did not include, at least, one musical. The combination for Tuesday evening, is made up of Miss Edith Hockerson, Miss Fay Ingram, and Ethel Garten. Miss Hockerson is known as the "Child Violinist" of Nebraska. Her father was a blind pianist; her mother, a teacher of the piano; her sister a splendid pianist, and her brother plays the violin remarkably well. Miss Garten is not only an accomplished singer, but possesses a rare gift as a reader. Miss Ingram lives in Kansas City, and ranks as a star in a Dramatic Club composed of more than 150 people. Wednesday evening Dr. William Rainey Bennett will give his popular lecture, "The Man Who Can." Dr. Bennett's lecture is great, is the verdict of every one who hears it. Dr. Bennett started in life a poor boy on a farm, pushed his way through college and now has both fame and money. He can tell you how the trick is done.

Magie is one of the most ancient forms of entertainment in ancient history. When Moses performed miracles at the court of Pharaoh, the soothsayers came forth, "saw him, and went one better (seemingly). So, on Thursday evening, the audience will be treated to a series of mysterious performances by one of the greatest of living wizards, "Taber the Miracle Man."

Get your work in shape to take a week off and attend every session—day and evening—of the County Institute.

Costly Pheasants.

It cost two Jefferson county hunters and a Pittsburgh poultry dealer \$1450 and costs to settle with the State Game commission for 38 pheasants last week. The former were hunting for market and the latter furnished the market—both illegal acts. Last week we told our readers that it was illegal to ship game even when the game was being sent home from the woods by the owner. Some thought this to be high-handed interference of hunters' rights; but the Commission has so many conditions to contend with like the one described that, to remedy matters, all must suffer for the sins of a few—something that is true in all cases of law-breaking.

MR. AND MRS. P. P. SHIVES HOME.

Mrs. Shives Tells of Their Six Weeks' Trip Through Texas, and the People She Saw.

About six weeks ago, as noted by the NEWS, Mr. and Mrs. P. P. Shives left McConnellsburg for a trip to Illinois, Kansas, Missouri, and Texas. They returned last week and Mrs. Shives furnished the following description of their journeyings:

"Going by way of St. Louis to Bucklin, Kansas, we were met at the latter place by our foster son, Frank Martin, who took us in his auto to his bungalow near the station, where we found Mrs. Martin and the babies well, and a hearty welcome. Here we attended the M. E. Sunday School of 355 pupils present and 50 absent. Twelve years ago, the place where Bucklin now stands was a prairie. To-day it has many institutions, and a 40,000 dollar school building with fifteen teachers. Nearly everyone owns an auto, including the ladies who run their own cars. The Martins have a farm along the Rock Island in addition to their beautiful home in town. At the latter place they have barn with a windmill to furnish water to the fish pond. Frank is manager of a gang that is building 500 miles of good roads. He rents his farm. Last year he had 3,500 bushels of wheat.

After having spent two weeks with the Martins we left for Texas, going by way of Fort Worth and Houston to Arcadia. Southeastern Texas suffered from a recent storm and the effects in some places are pitiful to see. We began to see the destruction shortly before we reached Houston. At Arcadia we found my sister awaiting us and looking well. While riding on through southern Texas we noticed that every railroad station had two waiting rooms—one for white people, and one, for negroes. We did not see many white men at work, but we saw many negroes picking cotton. On each plantation we saw one or more white overseers on horseback riding about among the workmen. We saw many beautiful cattle. After we had rested a day we began to take in the sights. A lady who owns a large touring car took us to Texas City, a beautiful place—or was before the storm, as there is little of it left and many were drowned. The oil tanks were wrecked and oil spread all over the country. The mud made by the oil sticks to cattle and horses until their feet look as large as peck measures. We saw large ships being loaded with cotton; others, with hay. Virginia City was almost entirely swept away. We then went to Galveston a city to be proud of; but it too, suffered from the storm, all the bathing places along the sea wall having been destroyed. My descriptive powers fail me; therefore, I will attempt no longer story of Galveston.

Texas cannot be surpassed for hospitality. My sister, her daughter and their families, and ten other persons including my cousin L. R. Cattlett, of North Texas, in two large autos, went to Sandy Island to catch fish and oysters. After a good dinner cooked and eaten under Salt Cedar trees, we returned to the home of my sister, Mrs. B. J. Crooks. They have large groves of oranges and lots of figs. We had preserved figs at every meal. Palms are green and roses in bloom, and banana trees look beautiful. Pear trees have second crops on. New cabbage is a foot high and we had new green beans to eat, besides many other fresh vegetables. One orchard here has 45,000 trees and the recent storm covered the ground with oranges which look like walnuts.

On our return trip we stopped at Pana, Ill. to see Prof. and Mrs. Lewis Harris. Here we also met Harry Skipper and several of the Cessnas who removed from Pennsylvania.

WOMAN WATCHER.

Nell Skinner Criswell Tells of the Part She Took at the Polls in Brooklyn.

Like thousands of other broad-minded and intelligent women, Mrs. Nellie Skinner Criswell, daughter of the late, Captain Skinner, and a former pupil in the McConnellsburg public schools, firmly believes that women possess the same right to suffrage that men possess, and at the late election in New York state, she was an active worker. Being a resident of the city of Brooklyn, she accepted the appointment as one of the watchers at the polls in the election precinct in which she lived, and this is her experience as related in the columns of the Brooklyn Eagle the next day:

"The fateful November 2 dawned bright and clear and I was to be a watcher at the polls—a part I had accepted in fear and trembling. All night long I had tossed and turned, anticipating the dreadful evils which might befall me in that mysterious place from which my sex in this democratic land had been forever barred. We had been warned in our School for Watchers of the many difficulties that might arise, and visions of challenging drunken voters and of trips to the police station, amid the jeers of onlookers, floated through my brain.

"But at the appointed hour I was at the appointed place. Bravely I turned the knob and walked in, my watcher's certificate clutched tightly in my hand. The room, an empty basement store, had been swept and dusted and was even brilliantly lighted. At the end of a long table with what looked like an interminable row of men—perhaps seven or eight—sat the watcher whom I was to relieve. The officer of the law who guarded the rail opened it politely without a glance at my credentials. As I approached one man remarked "You don't vote here." I summoned all my courage and replied with a smile: "Not yet." The other watcher quietly left the room as I slipped into her place. The gentlemen at that end of the table rose while I was being seated and asked if I objected to the smoking. Of course, I tactfully did not.

"For the next two hours I had to concentrate all my attention on my work—for the voters came early and the district was large—checking off the voters in my little book, marking numbers of ballots, and especially keeping track of the men who had promised to vote for Suffrage. Several times when the rush was greatest I didn't catch the names, but I discovered that the men next to me were willing to repeat them, and occasionally I found an opportunity to help them.

"My district was one of the "silk stocking" districts in a fine old residential part of Brooklyn, and most of the voters were men of refinement and intelligence. The majority did not notice my presence at all. A few made facetious remarks about "pink teas," etc., and a very few passed me by with a cynical stare.

"The only real slap I received all day came from a woman. A prominent Anti-Suffrage worker came to the door with her father. One of the men watchers offered her a chair, but, with a below-zero look in my direction, she declined it, saying, "No, thank you I have no place here. I'm not a Suffragist—only a plain woman." How I longed to say: "Yes, a very plain woman, indeed," but discretion being the better part of valor, I kept quiet and looked as serene and unconscious as I could.

"Once an Italian came in with his employer. He could neither read nor write, didn't know how to spell his name, and I am quite positive he wouldn't know the Constitution of the United States if he met it on Fulton street in broad daylight. "Is it my duty

Trackless Trolleys.

With Fulton county trying to solve the problem of transportation, it might be well to investigate every plan suggested by other countries and other communities in this country. When the automobile and autotruck became popular, it was suggested that these machines might be run by power furnished by a feed wire same as those of the common trolley cars. Railroad men said it could be done; but we cannot remember of having heard of a practical experiment by Americans. It seems that some of the European countries have tried it and found it to be economical and efficient for hauling freight and passengers. But whether patronage and other factors tending to make it practical there differ from conditions here we cannot say. However, the first to try it on a commercial basis in the United States will be the Harrisburg Traction Company which has secured a route between East Berlin and Dover, in Adams county. They will begin work on the road soon. Large cars similar to autotrucks will run over the road; but instead of being driven by an engine built into the car, electric power from an overhead wire will be fed to a motor which takes the place of the engine now used, and connection with the wire will be made in such manner that the cars can turn out for obstacles or other machines. Trolley cars climb very steep hills and carry heavy loads, consequently, it might be well for hilly Fulton county to keep an eye on the Berlin-Dover road.

to challenge this voter?" I thought, as two men stepped into the booth with him. I kept my eyes and ears open and waited. "Do you believe in Woman Suffrage?" they asked him loudly. He merely grunted. The question was Greek to our Italian citizen. "Do you think women ought to vote?" came the next question, loudly, slowly and distinctly. "Sure," he unhesitatingly replied—and I decided not to challenge him after all.

"At 5 o'clock the polls were declared closed. A 6at thoughtful soul—I think the successful candidate for Assembly—sent in hot coffee and sandwiches, and Oh, shades of my Puritan grandmothers, I had supper with eight strange men and two policemen! My book of instructions gave me no directions on the subject, but it seemed more courteous to accept the proffered hospitality. During the feast one of the election clerks disclosed to the party that he had discovered in me the wife of the president of the Men's Association at his church and told the other men enthusiastically of the excellence of my cookies and crullers, which he had enjoyed at a parish house entertainment. That Suffragists can and do understand the homely art of cookery was made still more conclusive when the other Suffrage watcher appeared a little later with a delicious chocolate cake which she had achieved during her hours of supposed rest.

"How eagerly I watched the opening of our ballot box and the counting of those splendid 'Yes' votes. And I could see that all the men, whether favoring our cause or not, were as interested as I was.

"When I said "Good night" and thanked the election officers, the men watchers and the two policemen for their considerate and courteous treatment I realized that what I had so much dreaded had proved in reality a most interesting and inspiring experience.

"And, Oh, joy! we had carried that voting district by 19 votes—the home district of my Anti-Suffrage antagonist of the morning who was just a plain woman."

NELLA S. CRISWELL,
120 Columbia Heights.

STUFFY SCHOOL ROOMS.

Little Talks on Health and Hygiene by Samuel G. Dixon, M. D., LL. D., Commissioner of Health.

If it were possible to make all schools open air schools it would unquestionably be of benefit to the pupils. Mind and body would both develop more advantageously. Conditions forbid this, but that is no reason why school rooms should be turned into closed ovens with the advent of cooler weather.

There are thousands of school rooms that depend upon some direct method of heating with no special ventilating apparatus to provide for the admission of pure air. Temperature is too often the sole factor considered by the teacher who forgets that dry vitiated air will react unfavorably on the health of the pupils.

A pan of water should be used on stoves to insure the evaporation of a sufficient amount of water to increase the humidity. This will make a lower temperature more comfortable than a higher degree of heat without the moisture.

A frequent flushing of the air in school rooms by opening the windows and putting the pupils through calisthenic exercises will prove an effective and stimulating procedure. The time that it takes will be more than made up by the quickened activities of both pupils and teacher.

Window boards which will permit the admission of air between the top and bottom sash can be secured with slight effort and expenditure. Cleanliness of air is equally as important as clean water and food stuffs.

There is no reason why children should not be permitted to wear their wraps in school if the temperature is somewhat low. This is the rule in open air schools and it in no way interferes with the school work. When the children leave the school they are exercising and the vigorous action makes up for the difference in temperature between indoors and outdoors.

The teacher who understands the rudiments of hygiene can add immeasurably to the wellbeing of the children and accomplish much toward giving them a proper idea of the value of healthful and cleanly living.

Personal hygiene is no fad. The Greeks taught it three thousand years ago as an essential in the building of a vigorous nation.

The want of health measures and over attention to the three R's often sees the children in an early grave.

Parent and Teachers Meeting.

The monthly meeting of the Parents and Teachers Association will be held in the High School Auditorium, November 26th at 7 o'clock, p. m. The following is a program for the evening: 1. Ten minutes talk on Home and School—Stanley Humbert. 2. Quartette; Mrs. Harry Hull Mrs. Geo. W. Reisner, Prof. Smith and Rev. Peterman. 3. Recitation—Mrs. H. L. McKibbin. 4. Story for Children—Mrs R. E. Peterman. 5. Play, 2 acts—"Young Dr. Devine." The most important parts in the play will be taken by Mrs. L. W. Seylar, Mrs. H. L. McKibbin, Messrs Greathead, Grissinger and Reisner, and the Misses Nesbit, Reisner and Stouteagle. Young Dr. Devine is rich and unmarried. Come out and see him. We have a good program. We do not intend to take collections at our meetings. Never will. But just now we are a little wobbly financially, so we are going to ask you Friday night to give us just a little "pep" for our library fund in the form of "coin."

Raymond Litton has sold his garage at Hancock, and will give his entire attention to the sale of automobiles.

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